

2. You fastened on our hearts, Lilly,  
As day by day wore by,  
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,  
And deepened in your eye;  
A year made dimples in your hands,  
And plumped your little feet,  
And you had learned some merry ways  
Which we thought very sweet.
3. And when the first sweet word, Lilly,  
Your wee mouth learned to say,  
Your mother kissed it fifty times,  
And marked the famous day;  
I know not even now, my dear,  
If it were quite a word;  
But your proud mother surely knew,  
For she the sound had heard.
4. When you were four years old, Lilly,  
You were my little friend,  
And we had walks and nightly plays,  
And talks without an end.  
You little ones are sometimes wise,  
For you are undefiled;  
A grave grown man will start to hear  
The strange words of a child.
5. When care pressed on our house, Lilly,  
Pressed with an iron hand,  
I hated mankind for the wrong  
Which festered in the land.  
But when I read your young, frank face,  
Its meanings sweet and good,  
My charities grew clear again,  
I felt my brotherhood.